

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, May 14, 1803.

[No. 32.]

THE CONSCIOUS RIVALS.

A NARRATIVE.

(Concluded from page 242.)

"MADAM,

"WHEN I first solicited the honor of your hand, my heart was sensible of your merits, and rested on you for perfect happiness, without one estrayed wish; yet my evil destiny, or my own caprice, (for I seek not to palliate my offence,) has decreed otherwise. I have dared to love another: yet, Madam, do yourself the justice to believe, that no unworthy passion has drawn me from your attractions. The object of my truant love is not less beautiful, less amiable, than yourself. After this avowal, it is impossible that I should fulfil my engagements with you; though I will never insult you by marrying another while you remain single. No, Augusta, I will quit my country. Absence may effect many changes: at any rate, I shall acquire a more powerful knowledge of my own sentiments; at present, they are agitated and bewildered. It is in conformity with my ideas of honor and justice that I make this sacrifice. I have already written to a friend, on the point of embarkation for Egypt, to exchange commissions, and have no doubt of his concurrence. But if any of your friends conceive my

conduct dishonorable towards you, I am ready to answer to their claims with my sword or fortune. And now, Madam, permit me, in truth, to add, that the purest regard for you regulates my conduct. Amiable as I know you to be, I could feel nothing but self-reproach and abhorrence, were I to deceive you into an union which every sentiment of integrity must now forbid. I have not the vanity to suppose your affections irrevocably fixed on me: bestow then your hand on one who can bring you an undivided heart; but never will you find one more capable of appreciating your excellence than, Madam, your sincere friend, and humble servant,

EDWARD DUDLEY."

To Miss Mellington, after a severe struggle with his feelings, he wrote thus:

"How shall I address you, dearest Anna? After the many injuries I have heaped on you, how describe the sensation I experience at bidding you, perhaps, an eternal farewell? Disdain not this last memorial of my unhappy love. It is true I must see you no more; yet my heart will never, never lose your image. You direct my attentions to Miss Lansdowne; yet never, Anna, shall you say that I meanly sought to win your affections, and basely left you to wed another; sooner may I perish. Yes, that is my only alternative; in a foreign country I will waste my sorrows,

or bury them in an honorable grave: for while Augusta Lansdowne is opposed in my heart by Anna Mellington, peace can know no empire there.—Were either less amiable, I might be more happy. As it is, I must fly. At my return, I may find Augusta the wife of another: or you, Anna, may have cause to regard the wretched, but ever faithful,

EDWARD DUDLEY.

P. S. I have enclosed your cruel note to Miss Lansdowne, that she may not form an unworthy idea of my soul's best idol. Forgive the breach of trust, Anna: I shall offend no more."

These words of the unfortunate Dudley were, indeed, prophetic; for within two months after his landing, he fell on the fatal plains of Alexandria. Miss Lansdowne was inconsolable, and, notwithstanding her lover's desertion, assumed the deepest mourning habit; while the retiring sorrows of Anna shrunk from every eye. Yet calamity accumulated on her defenceless head; for her infirm aunt fell into a lingering and expensive illness, during which their little property was expended; and at her death Anna was almost destitute of the means of support, and would have sunk beneath her misery, but for the generous attention of Miss Lansdowne, who first secretly administered to her sorrows, and then openly declared her intention of becoming her friend.—"One only idea," said she to her, "en-

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grosses my mind. We mourn one object; let us then in his grave bury every selfish thought, and live but for each other. My fortune is ample, yet it affords me no comfort; share it with me, and it will become valuable. Our very sorrows will seem consolations when mutually participated. Can you disdain prejudice, and be my friend? One then will engross our conversation: this loved portrait (shewing a picture of Edward) shall become our mutual idol, and we will erect to his memory a little urn, which shall commemorate our misfortune and our friendship."—Anna, astonished at her enthusiastic generosity, could not withstand the tempting solicitation, to water the imaginary grave of Dudley with her tears: to gaze daily on his beloved resemblance, to hear his name continually pronounced, would be a mournful satisfaction: and she beheld Miss Lansdowne no longer as a rival, but as her dearest friend. "Yes," said she, grasping her hand, "you have, indeed, recalled me to existence: we will never separate, and the shade of Dudley will approve and bless our union."—Romantic as this arrangement might seem, it was put in execution: but the painful depression which Anna sometimes felt at being dependent on the bounty of Miss Lansdowne, was soon after removed, by the knowledge that Dudley had bequeathed his fortune to be divided between them. This bequest of love cemented stronger the bond of friendship: they continued to reside together. Anna shared with Augusta a lock of hair which she had once, in innocent sport, taken from the temple of Dudley, and, in return, obtained a copy of his admired resemblance from her friend. The hallowed shrine reared by faithful love was daily decorated by some elegant and mournful insignia of sorrow; and beneath the spreading cypress which shaded the melancholy sacred spot, they vowed eternal celibacy and endless friendship; forming a striking example of female fidelity, and exalted sentiment, which could overcome every foolishly-cherished weakness of the sex, and mitigate each other's sorrows by participation, proving exalted patterns of disinterested friendship, and unequalled fidelity.

THE PYTHAGOREAN WOMEN.

BY WIELAND.

(Continued from page 243.)

THEANO TO NIKOSTRATA.

I ALSO have been told, my dearest friend, that your husband is so weak as to keep a mistress: but I am sorry to learn at the same time that you are foolish enough to be affected by it. As for your husband, I know but too many men who are afflicted with the same disease. These poor people suffer themselves to be ensnared, like stupid birds, by the lures of these creatures; and soon as they are entangled, they seem to have lost all power of reflection, and therefore rather deserve pity than anger. You, on the contrary, abandon yourself day and night to an immoderate grief and despair, and think of nothing else but how you can vex him and embitter the enjoyment of his new love. You should not do this, my dearest friend! the virtue of a wife consists not in watching her husband, but in accommodating herself to his disposition; and she can effect this by no other means than by patiently bearing his follies. Besides, as he sees in his mistress only a person in whose company he seeks for amusement, he looks upon his wife as a consort, who has a common interest with him. But this common interest is not to be promoted by adding to the sum of evil; therefore if he be a fool, it is no reasonable ground why you also should be one. There are passions, my friend, which are more inflamed by reproaches, but by silence and patience may be totally removed; a fire which we suffer to burn undisturbed, extinguishes itself. A wife who upbraids her husband, if he labor to conceal his infidelity from her, removes the veil under which he hoped to sin secretly; and what does she gain by it? He continues to sin, and lets her be a witness of his excesses. If you will take my advice, I counsel you not to think that his affection for you is absolutely connected with the purity of his morals. Consider this matter in another point of view. Think that your connexion with him is an union for life—that he goes to his mistress only when he cannot light upon a better and more prudent amusement, and hopes to rid himself in her company of the weariness which oppresses him, but that he al-

ways returns to you again, because he wishes to live with no other person but you. He loves you when he is ruled by reason, and her when he is under the control of passion; the latter lasts but a short time, we soon grow tired of it, and it vanishes almost as soon as it appears. A man would be a thorough villain, if a mistress could engross his affections for any length of time. For what can be more stupid than preposterous enjoyment by which we injure ourselves? He will soon perceive how much he injures his property and character by that connexion. No person who has not entirely lost the power of reflection, will run with open eyes into the gulph of perdition. Be therefore assured that the claim which you have upon him will restore him again to you; he will perceive that his present manner of life is highly injurious to his domestic happiness; he will not be able to endure any longer the ignominy of general disapprobation, his sense of your worth will awake again, and he will soon be of a different opinion. But you, my dearest friend, instead of attempting to cope with a kept woman, endeavor to render the contrast between such a creature and yourself as striking as possible by a proper conduct towards your husband, a careful management of your domestic concerns, a good understanding with your acquaintance, and by maternal tenderness for your children. Do not honor that creature so much as to be her rival; for emulation of virtuous characters is the only honorable emulation. As for your husband, show yourself ever disposed to reconciliation. A noble conduct gains in time even the heart of our enemies, and virtue procures us general regard. The practice of virtue puts it into the power of a wife even to rule her husband in a certain degree, and he will always rather be esteemed by such a wife than watched by her like an enemy. But the more attention you show towards him, the more will he be ashamed, the sooner will he desire to be again reconciled to you, and love you the more firmly and tenderly, when the reflection upon your irreproachable conduct, and your love for him, has made him sensible of his injustice towards you. The present short interruption of your happiness will then only render it greater: for the difference between real friends generally terminate in a more cordial union of soul, as after a painful illness, nothing is sweeter than the first percep-

tion of the return of health—Compare this advice with the suggestions of passion. The latter hurries you through grief and vexation to do evil, because he sets you the example; to sin against propriety, because he sins against probity; to contribute your share towards ruining his fortune by separating your interest from his, because he injures his property and credit. You imagine to chastise him, and you punish yourself.—For, tell me, how will you revenge yourself upon him? Perhaps by being divorced from him? As you are yet too young to remain a widow, you will, in that case, try your fortune with another husband; and when he also should fail you, with a third—or be obliged to spend your life unmarried and deserted*.—Or would you cease to take care of your domestic concerns, and ruin your husband by suffering every thing to be in a state of disorder? Would you not thereby render yourself as unhappy and miserable as you would render him?—You threaten his mistress with your revenge. She will take care to keep out of your way; and if you were to make a personal attack upon her, you will find that a woman without sense of shame is generally the boldest fighter.—If you think it would do you credit daily to scold and quarrel with your husband, you ought to consider that all scolding and quarrelling will be insufficient to set bounds to his excesses, and rather will serve to render your animosity incurable. Or should you, perhaps, meditate schemes against his life! No, my friend, then the tragedy which represents to us the crimes of a Medea, with their dreadful consequences, would have no proper effect upon you; for it is to teach us to bridle our jealousy, and not to give way to it. The disease with which you are afflicted, resembles in this point, the diseases of the eyes; we must absolutely keep our hands off: patience and firmness of mind are the only remedy by which you can expect to cure it.

* It cannot be denied, that the idea to live without a husband had something terrible for Greek ladies.—This remonstrance must therefore have taken effect.

† This allusion to the tragedy of Medea almost had made me suspect the genuineness of this beautiful letter, which is so deserving of a Theano, if I had not recollected that *Æschylus* was a cotemporary of Pythagoras, and is said to have written a *Medea*; not to mention *Thespis* and *Phrynichus*, who took the subjects of their dramatic monologues from the history of the ancient heroes, long before *Æschylus* made use of it.

To be continued.

Selected for the Weekly Visitor.

Messrs. Ming and Young.

The frequency of duels in America has induced me to send you the inclosed, copied from a London publication, in hopes that you will insert it in your Miscellany, as an example to such inconsiderate young men in this country, as may favor that detestable practice.

S.

WARNING TO DUELLISTS.

I AM, sir, a native of Ireland, of one of the best families, and have no inconsiderable property in that kingdom. I was educated in the university of Dublin, where my birth and fortune recommending me to the notice of many young fellows of the first distinction, I entered into the closest intimacy with several, and was looked upon as a sort of chief in every little party of amusement by them all. In the variety of acquaintance with which I was at this time favored, I contracted a friendship, of the warmest kind, with a young man of quality, of my own age, whom I shall beg leave to mention by the name of Henry. Perhaps few men ever possessed so many qualifications to command universal esteem; his person had that prepossessing something so peculiarly the distinction of rank, and to so great a degree, that you were interested in his favor the moment he appeared, and obliged to do justice to his understanding without his speaking a single word. Joined to one of the clearest heads in creation, he was blest with the most benevolent of hearts, and was, in short, all that the most romantic can fancy of their heroes, and all that the ancient heathens could imagine of their gods.

Henry had a sister,—poor Maria! nearly of age; I had another,—unhappy Charlotte! close upon twenty-two; the friendship subsisting between him and me produced an equal esteem in the young ladies, and both continually dwelling on the praises of their brothers, it was no wonder that Charlotte entertained the most tender sentiments for him, or that the bewitching Maria should cast a favorable eye on me. Not to take up your time, sir, Henry and I grew passionately in love with the sisters of each other, and proud to have the opportunity of riveting, as I may say, our friendship, we agreed upon paying our

addresses, which were kindly received, and one day appointed for the celebration of the two weddings, to the infinite satisfaction of both our families;—but, O sir, the eve of our wedding day!—How justly may I cry out with the poet,

For ever hated be the fatal hour,
For ever dark and comfortless the morn;
No sun to shed its salutary power,
Or mark the circling period I was born!
But let ill fortune, all array'd in tears,
Be doom'd attendant on the time alone;
The church-yard screech-owl bode uncommon fears,
And fright the midnight traveller to stone!

Henry and I, sir, had just parted from our mistresses, and retired to sup at a tavern, to take leave of our bachelorism with a select party of friends. Two or three hours we passed in the most agreeable manner, when, unfortunately, an argument arose between him and a gentleman in company, about the superior excellence of lobsters and crabs. Trivial debates have been justly remarked to produce the most fatal consequences,—this was unhappily the case with us. I saw Henry exert a warmth which I fancied rather too vehement, and took the liberty of hinting my opinion. The conversation was in an instant changed, and his whole resentment turned against me; he called my friendship for him in question, and made so many severe observations, that I could not avoid a little of the acid in my replies. The quarrel of friends is always the most bitter; things that would appear indifferent in others, carry an additional poignancy from them, and a retort which would seem trifling in a common acquaintance, is a crime of the most unpardonable color in a friend; the very consideration that should mitigate, becomes an aggravation of the fault, and the most striking plea why we should overlook an error, is constantly the reason why we will not. This, sir, was our situation; Henry thought it hard that I, of all men, should offer him an offence: I thought it equally cutting, of all men, to receive an injury from him:—in this frame of mind we proceeded from severity to severity, till, at last, he gave me the public lie. There was now but one means of satisfaction left; the company instantly broke up, and Henry and I appointed to meet at the Phoenix park by seven the next morning, attended each by a friend.

To say how I passed the intervening night, sir, is impossible:—suffice it that

I endured the torments of the damned. My anger against Henry disappeared the moment all our former friendship was recollected, and my heart dropped blood to think, when I was no longer offended, of the fatal necessity of seeking for revenge. My love for his adorable sister struck me to the soul, and what did I not suffer in the consideration of his passion for mine; but, alas! sir, the tyranny of a horrid custom obliged me to suppress every laudable tendency of these salutary reflections, and drove me to violate every suggestion of my reason, every argument of my friendship, and every mandate of my God.

The morning came, and we were both at the appointed place at least an hour before the time. Poor Henry! I saw his heart was equally distressed with my own, and more than once he complained of a cold, to wipe a tear that would rise in spite of his attempts to keep it down. You must know, sir, that in Ireland we are much too brave to have any notions of humanity, and much too sensible to hear any ridiculous arguments of justice and truth. It is necessary there to commit a fashionable murder before your reputation can be established, and quite essential, if you would possess the esteem of every body to deserve the detestation of all. In a country, actuated by this monstrous notion of honor, it is not to be supposed our seconds took any great pains to reconcile us, and there was no possibility of making the first advances ourselves. Thus circumstanced, we retired to our ground, melting with mutual friendship and concern, yet obliged to counterfeit the appearance of hatred and revenge. Pistols were our weapons, sir; and so little enmity did we entertain, that we each cried fire, three several times, both intending to stand the shot, and then discharge our pistol in the air. Surprised that neither of us fired, my second cried out to Henry, "Damn me, the fellows are afraid of one another." This reflection roused us in an instant, we both discharged, when Henry's ball tore away a piece of my hat, and mine, entering his temple a little above the eye, blew off the upper part of the skull, and left him dead upon the ground.

What would I have then given for some mountain to cover me for ever! I tore my hair, beat my face, and blasphemed my God; at last, recollecting myself, I ran to another pistol, and

would have driven the contents through my own head, had I not been immediately disarmed by the seconds, who were surprised I should feel any concern for the murder of my friend. I was carried home, sir, in a state bordering upon distraction, raving upon poor Henry, and wishing for his fate, "for in my sense it was happiness to die." The violent agitation of my spirits brought on an immediate fever, in which I continued senseless five weeks, and the first news I heard upon my recovery, was, that my amiable Maria, at the sight of her brother's corpse, had fallen into successive fits, which lasted three days, and then carried her off,—and that my unhappy sister, Charlotte, was confined in her room, having gone distracted upon the first intimation of the accident.

O! sir, to a mind not utterly depraved, not totally divested of feeling, ten thousand deaths must have been more welcome than the knowledge of these unhappy consequences. Fearful of the effects which the intelligence would have on my temper, my friends never suffered me to remain a single moment alone, till the late excellent Doctor Berkely, the celebrated bishop of Cloyne, convinced me I was in no proper situation to die, and, to the admirable lessons of that elegant moralist, it is owing, that I have not the crime of suicide to add to the madness of my sister, the death of my love, and the murder of my friend.

On my entire recovery, sir, as I could not bear the thoughts of remaining where I had sacrificed all happiness in this world, and endangered my everlasting felicity in the next, I set sail for England, and purchased a little concern within three miles of the capital, where I have now resided five and twenty years, receiving no visits, desiring no company, and making no friends.—When I look back upon the hoard of blessings, which I might have possessed; and consider at how small a rate I have parted with them all, reflection harrows up my very soul, and points out the wide, wide differences between a sense of imaginary honor, and a secret justification of a good conscience, the applause of a foolish acquaintance, and the approbation of my God.—I am far from superstitious, sir, but I never go to bed without fancying I see my poor friend Henry the moment I put out the candles. If, sir, the repetition of my melancholy story will be of

any service to your readers, I shall think my time well employed in transcribing it, but desire I may be known only by the name of, yours, &c.

FERDINAND.

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.

THAT a word may be a two-edged sword, the following circumstance will illustrate:—

The daughter of a Barrister, at the death of her father, found herself in possession of a small competence; she was tenderly attached to a feeble mother, who lived a retired life; yet her own excellencies gave her an enlarged circle of acquaintance; but when she appeared in family or private parties, unhappily, she was too much distinguished. The other females were neglected, and, in proportion as the men admired, the ladies, of course, *hated*.

They sifted her conduct for a pretext to have her abandoned, but in vain. A maiden of fortune, who, from her riches, was allowed to give the tone to the opinions of her acquaintance, declared that Miss * * * was a very *dangerous woman*.

The word hit;—they severally pronounced, with a shake of the head in all their parties, that *such a one*, although very elegant, and very engaging, was a *dangerous woman*. The girls said this to their brothers, and the wives to their husbands; and they only spoke truth, for when she was present they were all in danger of being overlooked. Coolness soon turned to estrangement, and this superior creature found, at the age of three-and-twenty, every door shut against her. A female friend, to sooth her uneasiness, told her the cause:—"You are believed to be a *dangerous woman*."

The word was a death-stroke to her heart. What could parry it?—it implied every thing, without specifying any thing. Had they imputed any vice to her, the whole tenor of her life would have been its refutation.—Sinking under the blow, she pined in secret, and her constitution was undermined. Had she made the just translation of this invidious word, she would have been less

affected; for, when they called her *dangerous*, they only meant that she was *attractive*.

Her wretched mother, by advice of the physician, carried her to Bath.—Change of objects, and amusement, restored her spirits, her health, and her charms; but, that she might not lose her reputation of being *dangerous*, a man of affluent fortune declared himself in danger of losing his peace on her account. She withdrew the reserve which had chilled him; marriage followed; and this *dangerous woman* now moves in a circle far above that from which she was chased; and when the women pursue her with their envy, she takes refuge in the arms of a doating husband!

COMPARISON OF FASHIONS.

HAVE you ever observed the contrast which fashion has established between the costume of men and that of women? The two sexes, which at Paris assimilate to each other in an infinity of points, follow, in this respect, tastes so opposite, that the one appears to be the antithesis of the other.

Monsieur wears a large cravat enveloping his chin; Madame has her back, her shoulders, and her bosom, uncovered to the middle of her breast.

The waist of Monsieur's coat reaches down to his thighs; that of Madame's robe scarcely passes below her shoulders. The skirts of the one scarcely touch the ham; the trains of the other are trailed along the ground.

Our *elegantes* no longer wear any thing stuffed and quilted; our young men are stuffed and quilted from the ears down to the small of the back.

White is the favorite color of the former; dark colors are the favorites of the latter.

The more pains the one take to show the shape of the leg and thigh, in the same proportion does the other endeavor to conceal it in boots and large pantaloons.

The men wear cloth winter and summer; the ladies, muslin.

What is the conclusion to be drawn from these observations? A gloomy philosopher would not hesitate to attribute these differences to a spirit of contradiction; but the love of virtue, as well as gallantry, lead us to an inference more just, and, at the same time, more favorable to the fair sex:—it is, that they wish to contribute as much as is in their power to the formation of those happy contrasts, from whence results the harmony of Nature. Thus the skillful musician discovers a tendency to the most perfect concords, where the ignorant perceive only discordant sounds.

FATAL EFFECT OF VANITY.

THE following anecdote exposes the folly of speaking untruth, even with a good intention, in very striking terms; and the fact stated may be the more memorable and impressive, that it happened recently.

A bank note had been stolen out of a letter. It was traced to the bank, the clerks of which said, they had paid it to a young man that very much resembled a person who was observed to have been present when the letter was delivered at the general post office. This was strong presumption: to make it, however, much stronger, the character of the young man was enquired into; and it appeared by the evidence of his brother clerks in the office, that he lived in a manner superior to what they could afford; and that he had often told them they did not live well enough for him. This had great weight with the jury; he was convicted and executed. It appeared, unfortunately, soon after his execution, that the young man had lived in the most frugal manner to support his aged and distressed mother; and that to prevent his being teased by his young friends for not living in the way they did (which would completely put a stop to his pious exertions in favor of his mother) he had recourse to an untruth, which terminated so fatally, and so disgracefully, a virtuous, useful, and benevolent life, tainted only by a little foolish vanity.

Gaming is like a man throwing his money into the sea, for the chance of gathering it up again on the shore.

ANECDOTES.

SOON after the accession of Charles the second, he gave audience to an envoy from the emperor of Morocco. The envoy's great talent was learning languages, and having by grammars and dictionaries acquired a *competent knowledge of English*, he wrote an address to the British monarch, which begins as follows.

"May you long enjoy your present *speculative* situation, and as a tree was once your *royal roset*, may a *tree* be always ready for your majesty. May you and your counsellors *hang together*, and may you never want any good thing which can be laid hold of. May your sceptre be strong in your royal hand, and may all your subjects fall down before it. May your progeny be numerous as the stars, and may the God of our fathers *pickle* your majesty until the end of time."

Finding that to *preserve* was to *pickle*, this great linguist thought that to *pickle* was to *preserve*.

A mountebank expatiating on the virtues of his *drawing-saw*, and reciting many instances of its success, was interrupted by an old woman, with, "I sir have seen it draw out of a door, *four rusty ten penny nails*, that defied the strength of two of our stoutest blacksmiths, with their hammers and pincers into the bargain."

The left-handed baron.—This gentleman, who was for a long life admitted into what is called the *best* company, attained the honor of his title from the following circumstance.

When once sitting at a dinner-table next to lord Chesterfield, he complained that the people of the house were tedious in serving up dinner, and proposed that they should turn up a card for a few guineas. To this the peer assented, but in a very short time observed his opponent had secreted a card under his hand, which lying flat on the table, his lordship deliberately took his fork, and by one smart stroke pinned it to the board. The baron roared, but the peer, keeping his hand on the fork, very calmly said,—"If there is not a card under your hand, I beg your pardon."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, May 14, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 20 persons during the week ending on the 8th inst. of whom 14 were adults and 6 children. Of Consumption 5—Fits 1—Typhus fever 1—Small pox 2—Flooding 1—Dropsy 1—the remainder of diseases not mentioned.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.

Some time ago a woman presented at a pawnbroker's office, in Hoare's lane, in Cork, a bundle of clothes as a pledge, demanding at the same time to be informed of the sum which the pawnbroker would lend. After a proper inspection of the contents of the bundle, she was answered that eighteen shillings was the highest sum that could be advanced on the goods; but as the woman seemed to consider the sum to be inadequate to her wants, she repacked her bundle with great care in the presence of the clerk and withdrew to the door. In a few seconds she returned and said she had changed her mind and would accept of the sum offered her, laying, at the same time, a bundle on the counter.—She accordingly received the money and went away. The clerk took up the bundle to convey it up stairs to the store-room, and had proceeded part of the way, when he perceived something to move in the bundle, a circumstance which caused him to re-examine what he thought he had before inspected with sufficient accuracy; and upon opening the outside folds of the bundle, his astonishment on perceiving a fine boy may be easily conceived than expressed. The woman had prepared two bundles as much alike as possible, and by the dextrous substitution of the one for the other, she contrived to impose the infant on the clerk. It should be stated, with the credit it deserves, that the pawnbroker having had the child christened, and called Bundle-Boy, provided it with proper clothes and a nurse, and has exercised the most attentive humanity to the little orphan.

BOSTON, MAY 6.

FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

LATE AND AUTHENTIC.—In the ship *Perseverance*, which arrived yesterday from Leghorn and Gibraltar, WILLIAM EATON, Esq. our Consul for the city, and kingdom of Tunis, came passenger; and will immediately proceed to the seat of government. Doctor GEORGE DAVIS, of New-York, is left charged with affairs.

"As late as the 1st of April, *Malta* was not evacuated by the English; nor any apparent movements to that effect. It was said that transports were gone to bring off the British Garrison from Alexandria; but, it is thought more probably to provision them."

"In consequence of the late mutiny at Gibraltar, the Duke of KENT was about to return to England, and the Garrison to be relieved."

"The French government have finally adjusted all misunderstandings with the regency of *Algiers*, by a general accession to the Dey's terms. Conjecture says, that TALLEYRAND has touched a *douceur* from the Jews BOÇRI and BUSNAH, and consequently persuaded his young master into a decision on which he had long balanced between commercial policy and private ambition. BONAPARTE might, indeed, have added one more sprig to the laurels which already cloud his brow, by annexing the "Potent Dey" to the catalogue of his slaves and might have done something handsome for the pockets of the Consuls.—But the arch bishop is of opinion, that it would be killing a goose for an egg—that an *Algiers* in activity would be ultimately of more utility to the French Republic, and, of course, to their sovereign, than an *Algiers* in ruins—and that notwithstanding all the *fanfaronade* displayed on the subject, his piratical highness ought to be secure in the friendship of the first Consul! Consequently that chief of brigands will have nothing the ensuing season to check his depredations on whatever tributary nation avidity shall direct his outrage, whose delinquency may furnish him with a pretext."

"The Dey positively refuses to receive Mr. CATHCART as Consul for the *United States*; and as decidedly rejects

cash for the naval stores, in payment of the annual tribute for the last and present year. According to the statement of Mr. O'BRIEN there will be an arrearage due that regency, on the 5th Sept. next, of 124,073 dollars; it being the tribute and contingencies of two years; including 20,000 dollars, estimated consular present, and 6,504 dollars ransom of the master and four seamen of the brig *Franklin*, from the Bashaw of *Tripoli*, thro' the intervention of *Algiers*.

"The Bey of *Tunis* requires, and is resolved to have, as a demonstration of the real friendship of the President of the *United States*, a good frigate of thirty-six guns; and several articles of similar consideration, which he has signified to the government. He asserts a right of free intercourse with *Tripoli*, in contempt of an actual blockade; and declares his determination to hold the *United States* amenable of all infractions of this assumed right. He has congeed Mr. EATON, because, he says, he must have an American consul with a disposition more congenial to the *Barbary interests*! Or, in the language of his Minister, more pliable to his views. This chief is endeavoring to negotiate a peace with Portugal, with a view of giving his corsairs a greater range, by passing them into the Atlantic. It is yet uncertain which of his loyal friends, the Danes, Swedes or Americans, will be designated as their prey."

"The Bashaw of *Tripoli*, now at peace with all the rest of the world, treats with contempt the overtures of pacification, proposed to him in writing by Mr. CATHCART on the part of the *United States*, in conformity to instructions from the Department of State.—The notion of peace without paying is a solecism in *Barbary*. It is impossible, however, to determine what influence the appearance of Commodore MORRIS will have on the resolutions of this petty pirate, as none of his frigates has hitherto been seen before *Tripoli*."

On Tuesday night, the mail stage from Philadelphia to New-York upset about 8 miles this side of Princeton. There were five passengers in the stage, of which one only escaped unhurt, three were materially injured, and a fourth slightly cut on the face. One gentleman it is supposed had his arm broken, and

his face was badly wounded. A female passenger had her face much bruised, and received a severe gash on the forehead. These three persons were left at the half-way house, between Princeton and Brunswick.

The accident was occasioned by the extreme badness of the roads. It is a matter of serious and encreasing regret, that the post road between the two principal cities of the union, is not kept in sufficient repair to relieve the mind of the traveller from the apprehension which he continually feels. *D. Ad.*

The Cape of Good Hope has been delivered up to the Dutch, by the English, agreeable to Treaty.

From the "Journal du Commerce," (Bordeaux paper) March 27.

The Dey of Algiers having received 80,000 dollars from Spain, and very considerable presents from Denmark, sent for citizen Thainville, Commissary General of the French Republic, and told him, that all nations sent him money, and that the First Consul has neglected, and had sent nothing. That France formerly sent him presents. Citizen Thainville then reminded him of the article in the letter to the First Consul, by General Huilen, in which the Dey renounced all claims to presents. This reply threw the Dey into a violent passion, with severe threatening. Upon the arrival of this news at Paris, the Minister of Marine fitted out two frigates for Algiers, under the command of citizen Gourdon, with orders to take on board the Commissary General and his family, and to inform the Dey that if he once declared war, he must remember, that he could not tell where it would end. Upon the arrival of the frigates, the people crowded the palace of the Dey, to represent to him the evils which threatened them. The Dey sent for Thainville, and demanded the intentions in sending the frigates. He told the Dey the orders from France. Do you wish to have war with me? said the Dey. No, replied the Commissary, but the First Consul is too powerful to be your tributary. After some dispute, the Dey added, He shall pay nothing: I wish to be at peace with him. Write to him that I recall my demand. So the affair

ended. The commissary was conducted from the palace of the Dey amidst the acclamations of the multitude, which expressed the strongest desires to be at peace with France. The Commissary returned to his post, and the frigates returned to Toulon.

THEATRICAL REGISTER FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, May 6.

THE TOURNAMENT, *Maria Starke*—
and POOR SOLDIER, *O'Keefe*.

MONDAY, May 9.

SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT, *C. Cibber*—and THE APPRENTICE. For the benefit of Mr. Martin.

WEDNESDAY, May 11.

DELAYS AND BLUNDERS, *Frederick Reynolds*—and DON JUAN. For the benefit of Mr. Jefferson.

MR. FENNELL
Respectfully informs the public, that his benefit is fixed for Wednesday next, when will be presented,
CYMBELINE.
To which will be added,
A Tale of Mystery.

WHAITES & CHARTERS,
PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,
No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,

Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

DRAWING SCHOOL.
JARVIS AND WOOD,

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they have taken the spacious apartments late Chilton's Academy, two doors east from the Theatre, Broadway, where they hope by their united exertions, and a strict attention to their profession, to merit the future encouragement of the public.

FANCY CHAIRS,
Made as usual in the neatest style of elegance, by
FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

On Friday evening last week, *Bertrand Dupoy*, of this city, to *Maria Rose Francoise Soline Dupoy*, of Cape St. Nicholas Mole.

On Saturday evening, *Mr. Nathaniel D. Knott*, to *Miss Mary O'Brian*, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, *Mr. John D. Pechtel*, merchant, of this city, late of Bremen, to *Miss Margaret M-Gregor*.

On Wednesday, at the Friend's Meeting-House, *William P. Robinson*, merchant, to *Mary Pearsall*, both of this city.

On the evening of the same day, *Mr. Jacob Frank*, Printer, to *Miss Mary Barnett*, of this city.



Deaths.

On Saturday evening last, *Mrs. Mary Asten*, aged 49 years.

On the 26 ult. the hon. *Isaac Bloom*, esq. of the town of Clinton, in this State. He was a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Dutchess county, and a Member of Congress, elected last fall.

At Detroit, on the 11th ult. *John F. Hamtramsk*, esq. Colonel of the 1st regiment in the army of the U. States.

At Philadelphia, on Monday night last, *Gen. Stephen T. Mason*, one of the Senate of the U. States, from Virginia.

THEATRE. MANAGER'S BENEFIT.

On Monday evening, May 16,
will be presented,

A Tragedy, called,

Othello, Moor of Venice.

End of the Play, a Hornpipe, by a Lady.

To which will be added,

A Musical Entertainment, called,

THE REVIEW,

Or, The Wags of Windsor.



FOR THE VISITOR.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE LATE RUMOR OF A
RENEWAL OF HOSTILITIES IN
EUROPE.

F AINT grow the distant thunders of the war,
That shook the eastern shore with long alarm;
See blue ey'd Peace ascends her golden car,
And gladly views a warring world disarm—

But scarce the grateful transport seems to rise,
Scarce dawns the azure of serener skies;
E'er the still air uncertain clouds deform,
In awful presage to the coming storm.
Distracting thoughts! must carnage then anew
Her graves uncover, and her hands embue?
Must desolation once more hold her reign,
In fields of havoc, and o'er heaps of slain?
Forbidden it Heav'n!—or should the storm arise,
And whelm in gloom once more Europa's skies,
Still be the wave that rolls toward our strand;
Unfelt the conflicts of the distant land!
Come white rob'd Goddess of the olive, come!
Be this thy fav'rite, and thy favor'd home!
In mild effulgence life and light diffuse,
Bid science triumph, and inspire the muse!
Nor to our clime alone these blessings giv'n,
Bestow them boundless as the light of heav'n,
On realms where usurpation holds her reign,
And havoc trembles o'er the lawless plain.
Mark where the clarion thunders from afar,
And gives the signal to infuriate war;
Where the stern hero bends his rapid way,
And blood and carnage stain the face of day;
There wing thy course in mild encircling light,
And check pale horror in the middle fight;
Recall the frozen tenderness of man,
And give the teeming earth repose again!

Hilardo.

FOR THE VISITOR.

SPRING.

SWEET breathes the air; 'tis nature's youth
That sheds the wide perfume;
Fresh from the age of winter ris'n,
In renovated bloom.

But ah! the age to man assign'd,
What spring shall ever cheer?
What sun renew the wintry mind,
Disconsolate and drear?

Can the frail tenant of an hour,
When age unnerves his frame;
Wrapt in a self created pow'r,
Departed years reclaim?

Alas! once gone, fate ne'er returns
To bid the moments stay;
Swift flies the present to the past,
Impatient of delay.

Yet from the wreck of time's cold hand,
New verdure shall arise;
A Spring eternal and serene,
A Spring beyond the skies.

ALEXIS.

FOR THE VISITOR.

ORIGINAL CHARADE.

MY first is, as all men are once known to be,
When from art they're exempt, and nature is
free—

When uninterrupted by custom's vain rules,
Nor fantastic artifice, stamps them as fools.—

My next is a sight that most men admire,
And oft has't been known to enkindle desire:—
'Tis oft the abode of humanity's shame—
'Tis the mansion of love, and envy's foul name.—

When these are united, my whole thus combin'd,
'Tis a view in the streets, or the ball-rooms you'll
find;

'Tis a folly that fashion in modest upholds;
'Tis the cause of Consumptions, of Asthmas, and
Colds.—

E***N.

TO A FLY,

Who destroyed itself by entering a lady's eye

GIDDY trifter, cease thy strife,
Turn thy wing, and save thy life:
Should'st thou enter Clara's eye,
That might suffer, thou must die.

Is a summer's day too long
For thee to live thy tribes among?
Is there not in all the air,
Room enough, and room to spare?

Wilt thou buzz about her still?
Silly creature, take thy will;
And warn all differs, as you die,
What dangers lurk in Clara's eye.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.



Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pa-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quitesmooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural
color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

NEW MUSIC.

J. HEWITT, (*Musical Repository*, No. 59, Mi-
den Lane) has received by the Ononda Chief,
and other vessels from London, a large assortment of
PIANO FORTES, of various descriptions, with ad-
ditional Keys.—Also, the following NEW SONGS:

The peerless Maid of Buttermere—Evelina's Ly-
lady—Poor Mary—The Village Cogswell—Once
happy in a peaceful House—Ye Powers that rule with-
out control—The sweet little Girl of the Lakes—The
Rose, the sweet blooming Rose—Tarry awhile with me
my Love—The mutual Sigh—The Sailor's welcome
home—Mutual Bliss—the loud and clear-ton'd Night-
ingale—the Kiss—the Cake Man—a pretty Week's
Work—The fair Huntsman—the Blackbird—the hum-
ble thatch'd Cottage in the Village of Love—Adown,
adown, in the Valley—Little sinning's in Love—
Poor Ellen—the Pilot that moor'd us in peace—At
Morning's Dawn the Hunters rise—An envious Sigh
shall ne'er escape—the poor little Child of a Tar—
With a great variety of Music for different instruments

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PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.